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THOMAS J. WARREN.

TERMS.

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Miscellaneous.

From the Southern Weekly Post. Condition of the Rich and Poor Contrasted.

We have often thought the condition of the rich man less enviable, and the condition of the poor less deserving of sympathy than is generally considered. If we look abroad over the face of society and study the conditions, habits, and dispositions of men, and enquire into the state of their minds, we shall find that contentment and happiness is as often found in the cottage of the poor, as in the mansion of the rich. We look upon the acquisition of wealth as a laudable pursuit: provided no unjust means are used, nor any person injured thereby. If a man, by his own honest industry, and persevering toil, together with his economical habits, succeeds in accumulating the goods of this world, we consider him all the better citizen, and none the less a Christian. It is true, we are forbidden to set our affections upon the things of the earth, upon the Creation instead of the Creator.

But we hold that a man may desire wealth, and yet not worship it, not look upon it as the supreme good; that he may desire it for good and lawful ends. The philanthropist may desire wealth in order that he may aid the hungry, clothe the naked, build churches, patronize schools, send the gospel to heathen lands, and for a thousand other good and useful purposes. Such a man is a blessing to society, he serves his generation, he does more for the progress of the world than a whole neighbourhood of indolent drones who live in a land and mouth way, and care for nothing beyond the present. He realizes the fact, that is more blessed to give than to receive. But we can only envy him for the pleasure he enjoys in contributing to benevolent purposes. His life is one of perpetual toil and care for the benefit of others. Why should we envy this man? he has of the good things of life, we grant, but he lives not for himself so much as for others.

We readily concede that all who possess wealth do not make a wise use of it. The miser loves money for its own sake. But why should we envy him? he has money, it is true, but it is a curse to him instead of a blessing; he knows not the pleasure of giving, he spends none for the necessities and comforts of life, nor will any ever rise up and call him blessed. Perpetual care and vigilance are his portion by day, and ideas of thieves and murderers haunt his imagination by night. The miser is at once the most miserable among men; and never to be envied, but ever to be despised.

If we turn our attention to the covetous man, we see him reaching after his neighbor's farm, or grabbing at his ox, or making use of some unlawful means to obtain his money.

The covetous and miserly man is miserably poor in the midst of plenty. Dr. Ewell relates the case of a man that was so basely covetous that he would go into the stable and steal the oats from his own horses. Upon one occasion his horseman entering the stable in the dark, found him there, and taking him for a thief, gave him a good drubbing and sent him away.

More than two thousand years ago the great Hippocrates, the father of medicine, desired a universal consultation of all the physicians in the world, that they might advise together, as to the most potent means of curing this inveterate malady. But Hippocrates, together with all his contemporaries, and twenty odd centuries have passed away, and no panacea has yet been discovered.

We admire industry and economy as traits of character, but a stingy parsimonious disposition we heartily despise.

Liberality and economy are by no means incompatible traits of character. A man may be very economical, and at the same time be liberal where liberality is required; and that is the kind of a man to associate with. We know men whose chief desire is to be rich, but they never amass wealth, because they are too stingy; they will not spend a sixpence when it might enable them to make a dollar. This is what we believe Dr. Franklin called, being "penny-wise and pound-foolish." Such people are poor and miserable. But there is a large class of poor who enjoy life equally well, if not better than those that are comparatively wealthy.

It is true they cannot have so many of the comforts, the conveniences and luxuries of life, as those who are in opulent circumstances. But then their wants are less numerous and more easily satisfied. So that although they have no inexhaustible treasury to resort to, they are likewise free from wants which make such a treasury necessary for their happiness. Many of them are rich in the depths of poverty, because they seem to care for nothing more than they have. Indeed some poor have advantages for happiness because they are satisfied with what they have got, have nothing to take care of, are in no fear of losing anything, and think the industrious part of the community bound to feed them.

We know some individuals who are so poor and so trifling that they are perfectly independent, and seem to enjoy life abundantly. They have no property to lose, no character to lose, nor do they fear public sentiment, or the laws of the land. They would just as soon be in the country prison, or anywhere else, for the reason, that they can be fed without the trouble of borrowing.

There is another class of the poor, however, that are highly respectable and deserving of

much sympathy. We mean the honest, industrious, high-minded poor, who have high notions of life, and who in vain strive day after day, and year after year in trying to better their condition. Such poor are unhappy because they desire to be somebody and are unable to. This class deserves well of those in better circumstances. They deserve their respect, their sympathy and their assistance. What is more affecting than to see an honest, humble poor person toiling from year to year to rise in the world and never ascend one step. This class desires to live decently, respectably, and comfortably. But if they had the necessities of life they would perhaps be but little better satisfied, for man's desires are insatiable. Man is so constituted that his desires increase pari-passu with the means of gratifying them. The more he acquires the more he desires. The man that is worth one thousand dollars thinks, that if he were worth ten thousand he would be satisfied, but when he has accumulated the ten thousand he desires a hundred thousand, and if fortune permits him to amass the hundred thousand, his desires are increased a hundred fold, and he longs to be a millionaire, and soon ad infinitum. This is the disposition of men in general. There may be exceptions, but we think they are few and far between. This is what we would be led to expect from the study of man's moral constitution; and our experience and observation prove its correctness. Such a man, either a drone, a clog upon society, or ever reaching after something beyond his grasp. But you see my paper is filled up. So good night.

Early Character.

"There is nothing I despise so bad as to see a boy with a cigar in his mouth." Thus remarked one of the wealthy and most respected business men of East Boston, standing at the door of the Post-office waiting for the distribution of letters, as a boy walked in puffing a cigar. Sympathizing with the gentleman, we fell into the following reflections:

We imagined that, in the course of human events, this boy might be induced to apply at the gentleman's counting room for employment. The merchant's remembrance of his act of youthful dissipation would probably not be to the benefit of the applicant. The merchant would be likely to judge unfavorably of the young man's character as to temperance and sobriety, and would think himself justified in doubting the independence and stamina of one who, evidently, for no better reason than because others do, and probably because he thought it would give him a manly air, contracted the offensive and unnatural habit of smoking in boyhood. The very act would seem to argue mental or moral deficiency, and perhaps both. The merchant, like a majority of well bred people is exceedingly annoyed with the smell of cigar smoke. He despises the practice of smoking, and cannot help noticing the boy who exhibits it, or thinking in such case, what the mental manifestation is. With the boy, the act was a trifle, nothing. To the man it was a revelation which told him something of a youth of whom he knew nothing before, and that something was to his discredit.

How different would have been the result, if the first act of this boy, noticed by the merchant, had been that as one plainly spoke of integrity and good sense, as the act of smoking did of weakness and frivolity of character. The man would have remarked that boy, and if it should ever have come in his way to render him a service, no testimonials would be needed to secure his favor.

We would fain impress upon the young the great importance of forming good habits. One may forsake his boyhood's errors when he becomes a man; but the chance is that instead of being forsaken they will be aggravated, and take on a rigidity which is like second nature to the individual as he advances into manhood. Knowing this, people judge of young men by what they knew of them when boys, unless a subsequent acquaintance gives them better ground for the formation of an opinion.—*East Boston Ledger.*

WHISKEY AND NEWSPAPERS.—A glass of whiskey is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of crushed corn—the value of which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this mixture sells at retail for one shilling, and if of a good brand it is considered by its consumers as worth the money. It is drunk off in a minute or two—it fires the brain, rouses the passions, sharpens the appetite, deranges and weakens the physical system; it is gone—and swollen eyes, parched lips and an aching head are its followings.

On the same sideboard on which it is served lies a newspaper, the new white paper of which costs a cent; the composition for the whole edition costing perhaps ten or fifteen dollars per day. It is covered with perhaps a half a million of types, and brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. It has in its clearly printed columns all that is new or strange at home—it tells you the state of the market, gives an account of the last elopement, the execution of the last murderer, and the latest steamboat explosion or railroad disaster—and yet for all this, the newspaper costs less than the glass of grog, the juice of a few grains of corn. It is no less strange than true, that there are a large portion of the community who think the corn juice cheap and the newspaper dear, and the printer has hard work to collect his dimes, when the liquor dealers are paid cheerfully.

How is this? Is the body a better paymaster than the head, and are things of the moment more prized than the things of eternity? Is the transient tickling of the stomach of more consequence than the improvement of the soul, and the information that is essential to a rational being? If this had its real value, would not the newspaper be worth many pints of whiskey?—*Forest City.*

At public school examination, one of the visiting committee was asking the class the meaning of certain words. They answered well, until he gave "back-biter." It went down the class until it came to a simple archer, who looked sleepily, and knowingly said, "It may be a flea."

MAGNANIMOUS REVENGE.—The London Morning Advertiser, in speaking of the expected visit of Louis Napoleon to the court of Great Britain, and his installation as a knight of the Garter, says:

"The insignia of the Emperor of Russia as a knight companion of this most noble and ancient order, consisting of the banner, sword, mantle, and helmet, retains its position over one of the stalls in the Chapel Royal of St. George, but it will no doubt be removed before the Emperor of the French is installed a knight companion of this order. Whether Sir Charles Young, as Garter-King-at-Arms, will quietly remove the *disloyal knight's insignia*, or whether, according to ancient custom, as described by Ashmole, they will be thrown into the aisle, and swept from the chapel by the choristers beyond the precincts of the castle, is not yet decided; but we believe it has been determined to remove the insignia of the *recreant knight* to make way for those of *her Majesty's illustrious ally, the Emperor Napoleon III.*"

If the British cannot pull down the flag of Nicholas at Sebastopol, and humble his pride at Cronstadt, they can at least sweep away the insignia of distinction which they urged him to accept while their guest, and which he is not there to protect. Truly a sneaking retaliation! We wonder which will enjoy most heartily the sweets of revenge—the English court, in thus punishing a "recreant knight," who accepted their hauberk at their urgent entreaty, or Louis Napoleon, who compels them to bestow the same upon him at the cost of deep humiliation themselves?—*Buffalo Democracy.*

Fashionable life, as it exists in these modern times, is a fountain of falseness, corruption and deception; satan can elaborate no other plan by which he could so effectually poison to death the pure current of generous friendship and unselfish truth. By the abominable system the soul is chained down in fetters, the affections smothered, and the noble impulses of humanity dwarfed and withered. See two fashionables, mee! Such greeting! They can find no words to express their delight, and they strive hard to make each other believe that they are never so happy as when receiving and paying visits from each other. But when the door is closed—*alack-a-day!* the oily tongue is dipped in worn-out and gall, and the most invective are too good. The hypocrite hopes "to Heaven she may never set eyes on the old sponging bag again—if it were not for her money and station she would slam the door in her face." Which of the lies shall we believe?

ADVICE FOR THE TIMES.—In these times of financial embarrassment, a great many people are learning that it is not what they earn, but what they save, which fortifies them against the rude blasts of adversity. The man who earns five dollars a day and spends every cent of it, discovers, perhaps, for the first time in his life, that he is not so well off as the poor laborer, who earns but one dollar a day, but who lays by five cents a day, or thirty cents a day, or thirty cents a week, for future need.

Almost every mechanic in our city has been heard to say, that if he had saved the money he had expended without any valuable return, he would have enough with which to purchase a house and lot, the furniture for a tenement, an acre or two of land in the country, a share or a dozen shares of railroad or bank stock, or at least a suit of broadcloth. Instead of this he has not a cent with which to face the hard times of the coming winter. He has neglected to save his small sums. He has spent them in the purchase of things of no real value. He has drunk brandy when he ought have drunk water; hired horses when he could as well travelled on foot, and spent innumerable small sums in frivolous and unprofitable amusements. "If I had a hundred dollars," he will sometimes say, "I would deposit it somewhere, but with only ten dollars, or as many pennies, what can one do?"

THE HONEY-MOON.—Why is the first month after marriage called the "honey-moon"? Doubtless on account of the sweet lunacy which controls the heads of the parties during that brief and delightful period. What a pity that they should ever get quite rational again! that sentimentality should give place to sentiment, sentiment to sense, love yield to logic, and fiction to fact, till the "happy pair" are reduced from the Eden of romance to the Sahara of reality—from Heaven to earth—and perhaps a peg lower! Strange as it may seem, there have been couples who have quarrelled in the first month of matrimony, and have got back to their astonished parents before the good mother had fairly done weeping (and rejecting too) at her daughter's departure. Their "honey-moon" soured at the full of her horn, and became a moon of vinegar instead. A bad moon that! There was much sense and propriety in the text which an ancient clergyman chose for a wedding sermon. It was taken from the Psalms of David, and reads thus: "And let their be peace while the moon endureth."

ATTAR OF ROSES—HOW IT IS MADE.—The roses of Ghazipoor, on the river Ganges, are cultivated in enormous fields of acres. The delightful odor from these fields can be smelled at seven miles distance on the river. The valuable article of commerce known as attar of roses, is made here in the following manner. On forty pounds of roses are poured sixty pounds of water, and they are then distilled over a slow fire, and thirty pounds of rose water obtained. This rose water is then poured over forty pounds of roses, and from that is distilled at most twenty pounds of rose water; this is then exposed to the cold night air, and in the morning a small quantity of oil is found on the surface. From eighty pounds of roses, about 200,000, at the utmost an ounce and a half of oil is obtained; and even at Ghazipoor it costs forty rupees (\$20) an ounce.

A poor mechanic, residing in Cincinnati named William L. Walker, having received intelligence of the death of an uncle in Baltimore, by whom he was left property worth \$9,000, came to Baltimore, and, to obtain cash, sold his claim for \$8,000, returned to Cincinnati, where, entering one of the halls of that city, he lost the sum of \$6,000 at cards and billiards.

The Continental Buttons.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

When the American Army was encamped at Valley Forge, a British officer, who was quartered upon the family of a gentleman in Philadelphia, had occasion to visit the camp with a message under a flag of truce.

The lady of the house determined to accompany him, for the purpose of taking a suit of regimentals to her husband, who had been for some time with the Continental army; and as it was necessary to conceal her desire from the officer, the matter was accomplished by artifice.

Having taken the stuffing out of the cushions, of the gig, the regimentals were inserted in its place, and things went on smoothly, until the roughness of the road suggested to the gentleman that his seat was none of the softest.

In vain were two unoffending coat tails condemned to eternal punishment, and rudely jerked from beneath their owner, who believed that they were the culprits, and in vain were his pockets searched, in hopes that the removal of a stray key or penknife would alleviate his misery.

Perceiving the trouble, and knowing the danger of discovery, the lady taxed her powers of conversation to the utmost, in hopes of diverting his attention from so pressing a subject, but the gig would bump on, and the Continental buttons obstinately insisted on avenging their country's wrongs upon the person of the enemy doubtless "whispering in their sleeves,"

"See his posture is not right,
And he is not settled quite;
Look now at his odd grimaces—
Saw you e'er such comic faces?"

while he, poor fellow, inwardly cursed the primitiveness of Yankee cushions, and sighed for the luxurious quarters that he had left behind him.

Wearily miles were traveled, the captain still suffering the penalty of his loyalty, when suddenly the truth flashed across his mind, and memory recalled certain mysterious conversations he had overheard in the house, about broad cloth and embroidery. The secret was then discovered by his troubles were not yet over, for he now found himself in the horns of a dilemma as uncomfortable as the continental buttons, and he rode on perplexed between his duty to his King and his obligations to the lady.

Too much of a gentleman to betray her, and yet too loyal an officer, willingly to carry "aid and comfort" to the rebels, he hesitated long as to the course he should pursue, but his gallantry at length got the better of him, and bravely submitting to the stern infliction, he concluded not to verify his suspicions by ocular demonstrations.

A significant smile and gesture alone informed his companion that the artifice was discovered, and the rebel garments were suffered to reach their destination unmolested.

Posterity may settle the question as to whether the energy or ingenuity of the young wife deserves the more praise, and whether the duty of the officer should have superseded that of the gentleman; but one thing is certain, the rebel gentleman received a uniform which he sadly needed; and the memory of the lady is more fondly cherished by her descendants, whenever they think of the "Continental Buttons."

JEU D'ESPRIT.—Founded on certain coincidences noticeable in contemplating the names and lives of the first seven Presidents of the U. States:—

WASHINGTON. MONROE, J. Q. ADAMS, JACKSON, JEFFERSON, MADISON, &c. Four of the seven were from the same State (Virginia). 2d. Two others bearing the same name (Adams) were from the same State. 2d. All of them, except one, were 66 years of age on retiring from office. 4th. All these last mentioned served two terms.

5th. The one who served one term only, had he served two terms, would also have been 66 years of age on retiring.

6th. Three of the seven died on the 4th day of July, and two of them on the same day and year.

7th. One only of the seven had a son, and that son was one of the seven Presidents.

8th. Two of them were of the Sub-Committee of three that drafted the Declaration of Independence, and these two were they that died on the day and year, and on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and just a half century from the day of the Declaration.

9th. The names of three of the seven end in son, yet neither of these transmitted his name to a son.

10th. One difference as respects the elder Adams and the younger (not worth nothing on any other occasion) was that the latter sported a Q in his name. But the elder the *Cue* on his back, as an appendage to his *Head Dress*.

11th. In the respect to the names of all, it may be said in conclusion: "The initials of two of the seven were the same—and of two others that they were the same—and the initials of still two others were the same. The remaining one who stands alone in this particular—stands alone also in the admiration and love of his countrymen and of the civilized world.—Washington.—Boston Transcript.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember that an impious, profane, or vulgar thought, may operate upon a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust that no after efforts can efface.

I never knew one who was in the habit of scolding, able to govern a family. What makes people scold? The want of self-government. How then can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

The public printing of the United States for the last fiscal year cost \$544,944, of which \$162,407 was for the Senate; \$821,516 for the House, and \$840,444 for the Departments.

The Position of Cuba.

The fate of this beautiful and fruitful island is a subject of deep interest. If we consider how great an element it is in modern commerce, we cannot but hold it as one of the wonders of the world. And then its contrast with the mother country: the one teeming with the riches of successful industry, peaceful under a rule almost despotic, not only meeting the exigencies of a costly colonial government, but pouring millions of money yearly into the Royal Treasury;—the other decayed overwhelmed with debt, eaten with vices of Court and country, shaken with revolution, gasping for nation al breath, and finding in its throes only the alternate elevation and depression of rapacious factions. No one can help feeling that the bond between the colony and metropolis is a strange, and, apparently, an unnatural one.—

But to all sentimental speculations on this subject, we have the strong reply, that Cuba, as it is, is advancing in wealth, in population, in attractiveness; and that her population is, on the whole, cheerful and satisfied.

Is there any revolution which we have assurance would improve this condition? There have been three sorts of change in the condition of Cuba anticipated and discussed: 1. A transfer to England, or France, or to some mongrel independent government guaranteed by both; 2. The emancipation of the slaves, with the continuance of the government of Spain; 3. The acquisition of the Island by the United States.

The two first involve the same horrible result: the Africanization of Cuba, and its reduction, after a series of bloody struggles, to the condition of Hayti. Its commerce would perish rapidly and surely; its white population would desert it; and the dark cloud of barbarism would settle over the "Queen of the Antilles." We have no need to prove this result. Nature and time have worked out the problem to our hands, and if we do not accept the demonstration, it is simply that having eyes we see not, and having ears hear not.

The third proposition we have on various occasions discussed at length. Reflection has only strengthened our conviction that the acquisition of Cuba would be a perilous experiment. There is no question of the vast worth of this Island, or that if it could glide easily into our political condition, there would be speedily a great expansion of its industry and wealth. But what proof have we of the possibility? The South American and Mexican Republics have had every trial. They have had endless revolution in obedience to popular impulses, and to patriotic leaders; they have been governed by strong and by moderate and feeble men; and the result has always been the same,—that the public peace and the security of property could only be maintained by an armed force,—that they would submit to no government which could not show its title engraved on steel. The Spaniards do not love our form of government, and it is mockery to maintain the contrary. When Florida was acquired, nearly the whole population emigrated to the so called harshly governed colonies yet remaining to the mother country. Perhaps the Governments were bad, but they were their own,—they were Spanish, and not Anglo-American. Has this feeling changed? We have no evidence of it, but plenty of evidence to the contrary.

Then if we hold Cuba, it will be as a foreign power—as the Austrians in Italy—hated because we are foreign; because we are heretic; because we are conquerors. The Government of the United States has no trials of such a position, and no man can say what fatal influences it might have to attempt to maintain it.

But is there any pressing need of such a fearful experiment? The argument of the approaching Africanization of Cuba, is one that all can understand. If there is danger of this, the issue ought to be met with a determination to drive back the danger. But have we no other resource but in destroying the Spanish dominion? Cuba is not only the most attractive, but the most valuable, of all European Colonies. Spain has far more need of the riches it pours into her lap than of the dignity it adds to her crown. Spanish statesmen know well that both the one and the other must be sacrificed by emancipation. They have every motive of honor and interest to retain Cuba as it is. And we ought to remember, and burn it upon our minds, that the Africanization of Cuba, has been only the faint echo of our threat to tear the Colony, by fair means or foul, from its lawful possessors. Filibusterism is the true parent of the intimations of emancipation and barbarisation in this beautiful Island. If its noble industry shall perish, and this garden of delights shall become a scene of desolation, and a possession of savage hordes, it will be Cuban refugees and their American sympathisers, who, by destroying its value by incessant revolutionary enterprises, will be the real cause of so deplorable a change. Let it be secured from these mischievous outrages, and let the Government of Spain be assured that it has in that of the United States a true friend, not only against these piratical invasions, but against the hostile urgency of European powers, and we shall hear no more of projects of emancipation.—All thinking men know that this is the simple truth.

The fact that the Spanish Government has recently refused the pressing appeals of the British Minister to declare the slave trade piracy, is a strong proof of their disposition to resist the affected philanthropy of the great apostle of international Pharisism. We ought to sustain them in this resistance—it will not cost a hundred millions, but only a small modicum of good sense and sober statesmanship. We ought to feel that to make this continent prosperous by a wise and determined policy, is a far surer way of sealing our own ascendancy than by any amount of successful buccaneering, which carries with it the certainty of destruction with only the faint prospect of repairing the ruin of its own lawlessness.

We find too in the whole proceedings of the present enlightened Governor General of Cuba, Gen. Concha, evidences of a determination to throw off the British influence that sat brooding over the administration of his predecessor. He has labored in many ways to improve the condition of the people, and of all their great interests. He has swept away all the polition-

ing laws of Gen. Pezuela, and sought to give stability and security to the social institutions of the Island. In this he has our hearty sympathy;—we hope he has that of the whole Southern people.—*Charleston Mercury.*

Revelation of the Barometer. The following interesting communication was recently addressed to the French Minister of War, by M. Le Maout, a chemist of St. Brice:—

St. Brice, Oct. 27, 1854.

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE:—I have occupied myself, since the commencement of the Eastern War, with observations on the modifications which the atmosphere experiences from the cannonades that took place. Those observations are made every three hours.

I have collected on the effects of cannon facts of the highest interest, which I render intelligible upon paper by the aid of figures, a specimen of which I send you, extracted hastily from the results of my observations, and which represent the comparative effects of the cannonades of Odessa, of the battle of Alma, of the day of the 6th of October, (cannon fired at the Invalids), of the opening of the bombardment of Sebastopol, and of the day of the 25th of October.

I hope to be able to establish that the barometer is not, as is commonly thought, an instrument merely intended to indicate rain and fine weather, but a mobile apparatus, excessively sensitive, which places us in communication with all great atmospheric phenomena.

What is remarkable in this instrument is that at from 600 to 800 leagues of distance an impression is produced on it in a few hours by the discharge of cannon. Observed with care and intelligence it cannot fail, in certain circumstances, to become of the highest utility in the time of war.

The object to which I venture to direct your attention is this:—

I have no occasion to apprise you of the bombardment of Sebastopol, as you have already received the news of it officially, but I can announce to you with a certainty which will not be belied by the facts, that the day before yesterday a cannonade such as has not taken place during the year which is about to elapse, even comprising those of the siege of Silistria and of the bombardment of Odessa, commenced in the morning before Sebastopol.

Be good enough to cast your eye over the table that I send you. You will see there that in 48 hours the barometer rose 30 millimeters, and that the figure which represents this rise, comparatively to those produced by the other bombardments, is almost vertical; an index, with the other signs by which it is accompanied, of the intensity of the action of the cannonade.

In a few days you will receive from Sebastopol news of the 25th, which will give you full information of what occurred on that day, which has proved, I have no doubt, one of the most memorable of the whole campaign.

In the meanwhile I remain, &c. &c.

CH. LE MAOUT.

It is scarcely necessary for us to add that the information contained in this letter was subsequently confirmed by the facts.

THE END OF A KENTUCKY HUNTER.—On Friday October 27th, Isaac Slover, and a young man named James A. McMind, went into the mountains of Cajon Pass, (California) on a hunting excursion, destined to be the last of one whose life has been spent in the woods. In the afternoon they met a very large bear, and supposed that they had killed it. On approaching nearer, they found that it still breathed; whereupon Mr. Slover, dismounted, and was creeping around a bush, to get a fair view before shooting, when the bear jumped upon him, breaking the right thigh in two places, badly crushing the bone, also biting a piece out of his left thigh, and severely wounding him in the left side of the head. McMind fired, and the bear left Slover, and chased McMind a few yards, but instantly returned, and lay down within five or six feet of Slover. Afraid to shoot again, lest it should seize Slover, McMind crept up, and carried Slover off some distance, and put him on his mule, and he actually rode a quarter of a mile in this condition; and complaining of being too faint and sick to go any farther, a bed was made for him of his blankets, and here the two remained till daylight of Saturday, when McMind started with the sad news to his family and neighbors.

This place is some thirty miles from San Bernardino, and about 15 from the road through the Cajon Pass, and in a country the roughest imaginable: so that relief did not reach him until late on Sunday morning. He had remained more than 20 hours with only a little water, which his faithful friend had been able to get in a powder-flask. He must have suffered a great deal in descending the mountain. He died about 1 o'clock on Monday morning, shortly before the party got to the mouth of the Cajon, retaining his senses measurably to the last. Mr. Slover was over 80 years of age—a veteran hunter, and even in his old age of great bodily vigor. He was a native of Kentucky, and "had hunted buffalo," as he used to say, "from Kentucky to Missouri and Arkansas, until the bark of his neighbors' dogs drove him to the prairies and Rocky Mountains." Old mountaineers will recollect him well. He came from New Mexico to California in 1843, and has resided on the Los Angeles frontiers, regarded in a manner as a "host in himself" with his trusty rifle against hostile Indians.

A French exile, Mr. Antoine Fournier, who was expelled from France by Louis Philippe, died a short time since at Plaquemine, La. The New Orleans Picayune says: "His name is mentioned in Louis Blanc's 'History of Ten Years,' as having been accused as a promoter of a conspiracy against the king. The poor old republican, who once moved in the most fashionable circles of France, died unwed, unloved, far from his country, in a state bordering on indigence. He once had hundreds and thousands at his disposal. How sad is the end of that old man."

Why does an aching tooth impose silence on the sufferer? Because it makes him hold his jaw.